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GEORGE ELMER'S BRIDE:

OR, THE REFORMATION OF

ROSE HILL COLLEGE.

BY LELIA V. BRIENT.

CHAPTER I.

So take your course at ease, girls,
And act to suit your mind;
You'll tame your bitterest enemies,
And make them good and kind.

Rose Hill was a romantic and beautiful spot, surrounded by a thickly settled and thriving neighborhood. It derived its name from the many clusters of wild rose bushes which covered its steep and gravelly sides. On the top of this hill stood a small white school house, decorated by shade trees of cedar and locusts. Indeed it was a lovely spot, and from it you had a view of the surrounding neighborhood for some distance. Green meadows stretched far away to the right, intermingled with silver-running streams; there were large flourishing farms here and there, dotted with peaceful looking houses of brick, frame or hewn log. On those farms you might see an ancient barn, surrounded by herds of cattle quietly grazing over the grassy fields, and flocks of milk-white geese floating gaily over the smooth surface of the ponds and brooks, or plucking the low grass, or sending forth their shrill cries at some passer by. Now and then you could hear a rural song, in clear musical tones, floating out on the air, and the continual and monotonous sound of some dozen looms kept merry music to the tune of industry. Here and there a stout farmer boy would sally forth, axe in hand, and whistling gaily as he sought his daily occupation in the sylvan background beyond the luxuriant fields.

Such were the romantic scenes which rendered so interesting that lovely place. From a glance over this beautiful vale one would suppose peace and kindness to reign supreme among its industrious and enterprising inhabitants, and so it was, for they lived almost as one family; but although thus living united in themselves, they, like many others of the present day, bore a distrustful coolness toward all strangers whose lot should happen to be cast among them. They were treated at first with a kind of shyness bordering on scorn; whether this was attributable to a real animosity of nature or the quiet and almost secluded mode of life to which they had so long been accustomed, almost wholly uninterrupted by the outer world, remains to be told.

It generally took a family moving in the neighborhood something over a year to become sufficiently acquainted with their curious ways to be admitted into their society. The students of Rose Hill College, were considered the hardest set of any of the four surrounding districts; and for the past year no one dared to teach at Rose Hill. It was by no means an enviable position, and none seemed willing to place their good temper in jeopardy among such a band of mischief loving and overbearing youngsters. It seemed as if the young folks had full possession of Rose Hill College, and were bound to hold it, but how well they succeeded, the sequel of our story will prove.

At length it was rumored throughout the entire neighborhood that a family had moved into the old unoccupied brick, formerly called by the name of Pigeon Hall, from the flocks of white pigeons which the former inhabitants of that dwelling had reared and left there. The whole neighborhood was thrown into an intense excitement on hearing the news of the arrival of the strangers, and the many usual queries went the rounds as to who they were, what they were, and what they looked like. But to all this questioning no very decisive answer could be obtained; no one knew anything of them, only that they were a French family of the name of Desteile. Some of the boys of the neighborhood declared they had seen some half dozen girls in passing Pigeon Hall, while the girls (only wishing it was true) protested that the only occupants of the Hall were an elderly gentleman and lady. No one had as yet called on the Desteiles, or in any way welcomed them into the society of the neighborhood, but at length curiosity waxed so strong among the girls that the Desteiles were talked of in every loom-house, kitchen and cow-yard. When the inhabitants were assembled around their cheerful firesides at night, after the performance of their day's labor, the new comers seemed to be the favorite theme of conversation among them.

A week dragged slowly by, a week of the most intense anxiety and restlessness, it seemed to most of the inhabitants, both young and old, of Rose Hill Vale, and when Sabbath came, a bright, beautiful and lovely morning as ever dawned, all was bustle and confusion, every one preparing to attend church at Rose Hill College, each hoping to get a sight of the long looked for and much talked-of strangers.

The hour of commencement was eleven A. M., but long before the appointed hour arrived there was quite a congregation assembled; the seats were nearly all occupied by the ladies and elderly gentlemen. There were, as is usual on such occasions, a goodly number of young men collected in groups under the surrounding shade trees, all apparently enjoying themselves in a very sociable and agreeable manner.—Some talking over the events of the past week, some discussing the news of the day, others listlessly reclining on the grassy ground, gazing at every young lady who passed by, while not a few were eagerly gazing in the direction from which the new comers were expected to approach. Such a thought as the non-attendance of the Desteiles never once occurred to them, and until the minister, Parson Gaston, arrived, took his stand, cleared up his throat, adjusted his snowy collar, took out a huge bandana from the rear pocket of his venerable clawhammer, and then, after taking a somewhat minute survey of the congregation, blew his nose with a trumpet tone, replaced his handkerchief and began the morning service by giving out the familiar old hymn—

"Come ye that love the Lord," &c.

About this time it occurred to the minds of some of the young gentlemen, who had remained as outsiders until this period, that they were doomed to disappointment, and began seriously questioning within themselves whether the strangers really intended to attend church that morning or not, and at last with an air of disappointed curiosity they one by one entered the church and took their seats. After prayer the text was given out, which received as little attention as the long dry sermon which followed it; the thoughts of the congregation seemed to be far away from divine service. The Parson could not help thinking to himself that the singing was not so melodious, or the attention of the congregation so fixed as usual, but the good man attributed the cause more to his own lack of spiritual feelings than the disinterest of his hearers.

The meeting was at length concluded, and so eager was the young folks to quit the scene of their disappointment, that in ten minutes there was no one left on the ground but a group of elderly members clustered together in conversation. But we will leave them to find their way home as best they can, and for the present follow an interesting group of young folks as they stroll leisurely on toward their homes.

Just at the edge of the smoothe lawn at the foot of Rose Hill stood a large, comfortable looking white frame house, and toward this the merry group wended their way. They seemed engaged in some very interesting conversation, and as they have some distance to go before they reach Mr. Elmer's home, (for such was the name of the gentleman who occupied the frame) we will not lose such a favorable opportunity of describing the three foremost ladies. The first was a tall, trim looking old maid, who, to judge from appearances, had seen the snows of some thirty winters. She was neither beautiful nor decidedly ugly. She had a sort of forbidding air which kept even her most intimate friends at a proper distance, which perhaps will account for her single mode of life. She was a blonde, pale blue eyes, low unmeaning forehead, and a long slim neck, made up the appearance of this lady, who was counted a kind of leader among the young folks of the neighborhood. She was cunning and sagacious in all things, and ever ready to give her advice on any and all occasions.

The second lady appeared to be about eighteen years of age, rather slightly formed; she had a face most strikingly beautiful, large dark eyes, small rosy mouth, and jetty wavy clusters of glossy hair fell low over her white forehead and faultless neck. Her name was Bessie Lakes, and that of her companion, Sarah Curtis.

The third and last of this interesting trio was Caroline Elmer, a lovely girl of fifteen, whose golden curls, blue eyes, and plump full form, bore a striking contrast to that of her last named companion.

The group reached the house, and all were still talking. The discourse was on the Desteiles; some said they would give a fortune for a glimpse at the strangers; others vowed they were nuns and friars, and so the conversation ran, until Sarah Curtis declared she would bear it no longer, and would make a call on the Desteiles if any one would accompany her. Carie gaily proffered her company, saying if there was a sight to be seen she wanted to see it, and both of the girls in full dress, Carie waving her leghorn hat in the air and tossing her sunny curls, and Sarah the very type of neatness, arrayed in a cold blue delaine, starched linen collar, pink sunbonnet and yellow apron, set off on their reconnoitering expedition fully determined to make use of both eyes and ears in the exploration of every corner and crevice of Pigeon Hall.

CHAPTER II.

Search not for silly pastime,
For fear the charmer's snare
Might 'twine you in its gilded folds,
And hold you captive there.

The two ladies walked on in silence until they were just about to turn the point of a grassy slope, which, at the place where they now were, obscured all things beyond. Just then a gay musical laugh reached their ears and floated far down the vale, re-echoing among the neighboring houses and barns.

"Some one is coming," siad Carrie, tossing back the sunny curls from her rosy cheeks, and a roguish smile lighting up the depths of her clear laughing blue eyes. "Who can it be?"

Before an answer could be given (had it been in her companion's power to do so,) her question was satisfactorily answered by the appearance of a lady and gentleman, who came strolling leisurely around the point of the road. The gentleman was tall, elegantly formed and light complexioned, and one look from a close observer would prove him to be Carrie's brother. The same clear blue eyes, light clustering curls and effeminate rosy cheeks, all plainly showed that he was no other than George Elmer, the petted and only son of the wealthy farmer. He and Carrie were their only children, and from their very infancy has been surrounded by every luxuary of life, yet withal had been taught habits of industry, and at this date George found himself an accomplished young farmer of twenty, surrounded by an extensive train of friends, and, what is very common for a young man of his age, deeply in love with a very wealthy and beautiful heiress, the same who accompanied him on the evening previously spoken. Her name was Helen Clinton, the only daughter of wealthy parents, who were taken from her at an early age, and she was left in care of an elderly widow relative. She was ever a wayward child, and at twenty-two she had nurtured such an overbearing nature in her heart that she could easily count the group of friends which surrounded her path, and had it not been for wealth, they would have been fewer. She was beautiful, haughty, envious and insulting, and freely confessed that the only person she really loved on earth was George Elmer, and he was even subject to many jealous accusations and aggravating epithets; but after all she loved him, and he thought he loved her in return, and just as they met Carrie and Sarah she had rashly told him of her feeling toward him, and accused him of coldness toward her. George smiled, and that smile deepened into a manly laugh as he walked up to the girls, and cried out in his usual playful manner, "which way, girls."

"Going to call on the Desteiles," said Carrie, laughing.

"Will you accompany us," said Sarah.

"O, if Helen is willing, I am," said George.

"I don't wish to go," said she, rather pettishly, "I don't want to see them."

"I do, and will go at once," said he, "providing you will go with us."

"Well, if *you will* go, I will too," said she, taking his arm, and accordingly they all proceeded up the path, and in a few minutes stood before the little wicket gate, in front of Pigeon Hall.—The girls were all chatting away when George said—"Hark." They listened, and the sound of a rich musical voice, singing a sentimental ballad, reached their ears.

"Fie! George, charmed already?—Why if that's so we had better go home at once," said Helen, ironically. "This must be an enchanted spot." George said nothing, but still listened. "Did you never hear a country girl singing in the kitchen before?"

George disengaged his arm from her and opened the gate, walked on slowly, and the ladies with a giggle followed him. Helen was mortified at his conduct, but strove to conceal her chagrin. They passed silently up the next walk, and treading the ancient porch, reached the door. George rapped boldly, and trip, trip, came the sound of light footfalls, the door gently opened from within, and they stood in the presence of a lovely girl. Judging from her appearance she was not more than sixteen, a small, yet graceful form, enveloped in the simple folds of a dark calico gown, her large dark eyes were soft in their expression as drops of dew, her dimpled cheeks wore that rich red tinge bespeaking health and vigor to the young, her hair fell in soft dark wavy curls over her delicate, yet intellectual forehead, and her lips might well be compared to a bursting rosebud. Her dress was cut low in the neck, and her sleeves tucked lightly over the faultless shoulders, showing a most exquisite pair of arms. So unexpected was this charming sight, that an awkward pause and stare ensued on part of the visitors, but finally George succeeded in stammering out a rough introduction. The company were invited in and comfortably seated, and the lady-like politeness of Dora Desteile soon put all things to rights, and George in his usual social way, soon entered into conversation with her. Dora, after apologising for not being better attired to receive company, strove with all her power to make them feel at ease. Sarah and Carrie made their words come true by the use of their eyesight. Judging from their scrutinising observation, they certainly would have known the Desteiles thirty years from that date without another interview.

They found the Desteiles to be a very interesting and intelligent family, consisting of an old gentleman and lady, and their daughter Dora. In the conversation, they learned that one son and daughter had been left in New York, and the youngest son was in England. The old gentleman had come hither to spend the remainder of his days in quiet, bringing with him his idolized Dora, for she was the light of her parent's declining years. Their youngest son Clinton was daily expected home from England, to spend a few months with his parents in Rose Hill Vale.—The Desteiles were comfortably and neatly furnished in their house, and so pleasantly passed the evening that dusk was growing 'round them before they left the genial fireside of the polite old Frenchman.

When they arose to go, Carrie, with as much politeness as she could command, invited Miss Desteile to call on her the following evening. Dora consented to this, and the curious little party passed out of the little wicket gate, and pursued their walk in silence toward Mr. Elmer's stately farm-house.

The first sound that broke the silence came from the scornful lips of Helen.

"I never can like that girl."

"Nor I," said Sarah.

"Oh, dear," cried Carrie, "I never want to become any better acquainted with *her*."

"Why, then, did you invite her to see you," said George, coolly.

"O, merely for curiosity."

"Why, haven't you satisfied your curiosity yet?"

"O, yes, but I want Bess Lakes and the other girls to see her."

"Bess will make a Poem on her, I know. What curls," said Sarah; "they gave her such a childish look."

"Carrie, if ever you allow your hair to curl again, I will surely prosecute you."

Carrie indignantly twisted her sunny curls closely around her head, and said contemptuously—"it will be some time before you see my hair in curls. Perhaps at Miss Desteile's wedding," said she, as if she knew that time would never come.

The party here relapsed into silence, which at lenght was broken by a suppressed laugh from Sarah.

"What now," said Carrie, as if she knew something nice was on hand when that reverenced lady laughed.

"I have hit upon a capital plan; we will prepare all things to-morrow, and invite all the girls of the neighborhood to tea, and we will have a nice time."

"O, that will just do," said Carrie, "but what is the matter with George?"

"O, he's completely bewitched with the pretty curls and round kitchen arms," said the saucy Helen, springing from his side, and taking the arm of Carrie. "Anything but a love-sick gentleman for me."

George gave her one searching look and heaved a sigh. By this time they had reached Mr. Elmer's gate. Without a word, George opened it and walked in. The girls stared at him as he stepped across the yard, opened a side door and disappeared out of sight in his own room.

"What does he mean?" said Helen.

"He is insulted, I suppose," said Carrie.

"Let us retire," said Sarah, "for it is pitch dark. Let us go to bed to dream of dark curls and insulted gentlemen."

"I'll not go in," said Helen, in a husky tone.

Carrie insisted, but to no purpose, and Sarah added—"it is too dark to go home, come in and stay 'till morning."

"Not I; it would please George too well," said the spoiled heiress; "I'd go home if it was as dark again," and before another word could be spoken, she glided swiftly away, and her form soon disappeared in the darkness of the night.

"She acts curious," said Sarah, as she lighted a candle and started up stairs to bed.

"So does George," said Carrie.

"O, well, what else can be expected. They are both spoiled children," and with these remarks, the ladies sought repose, and were soon worshipping the drowsy God, and once again silence spread over the beautiful vale, and yet two hours later, a flickering light cast its faint rays out of the east window of the brick, upon the little eminence at the further end of Rose Hill Vale.—Who could be watching there at so late an hour? Those who wish to know, must peruse the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PATRIOTIC CLERGYMAN.—John T. Bruce, Esq., editor of the St. Joseph (Mo.) Journal, who recently passed through Chicago, thus writes:

"I traveled, in coming here, in company with Rev. Dr. Cox, of Chicago, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—He had been to St. Louis and bought one of the Presbyterian churches, that originally cost $87,000 for $37,000.—He intends to have a purely Union church. The flag with the stars and stripes will be placed on the top of the church, and service will be opened regularly by singing 'Hail Columbia,' and close with the 'Star Spangled Banner.' Another feature of this new church will be that in addition to the usual questions asked at the alter, of those who desire to unite themselves with the church, will be, 'Are you for the Union, and have you always been true to the flag?' If these questions cannot be answered affirmatively, the applicant is rejected, no matter how truly penitent the poor sinner may be. Dr. Cox is rather of the opinion that there is no room in Heaven for those who do not love this glorious Union, and who have rebelled against the best Government in the world without a cause. The Dr. is an energetic, able preacher, and will visit St. Joseph before long.

LETTER FROM "OCCASIONAL."

WASHINGTON, May 12, 1862.

The last words of Judge Douglas uttered in public were these:

"The Conspiracy to break up this Union is in fact not known to all.—Armies are being raised and war levied to accomplish it. There can be but two sides to the controversy. *Every man must be on the side of the United States or against it.* There can be no neutrals in this war. There can be none but patriots and traitors.

"The conspirators have been led to hope that in the Northern States *it would be made a party question, producing civil war between Democrats and Republicans, and the South, being united, could step in with their legions, and help the one to destroy the other, and then conquer the victor.*"

These prophetic and glorious words have been enshrined in the popular heart. They have become the inspiration of the patriot—the text of the Union orator—the creed of the Union soldier. President Lincoln acted upon them in his administrative policy. His political friends have embodied them in their generous invitation to loyal Democrats to unite with them for the common defence. The nominations made by these men have been generally ratified at the ballot-boxes. New efforts are put forth in all the adhering States to give renewed vitality to this movement at the coming elections. It is in the midst of these efforts that the "Democratic members of Congress" appear with their ultra party pronunciamento, the present purpose of which is to oppose the Administration, with the direct object in view of bringing back into power the worst elements of the Secession conspiracy.

It is painful to read the extraordinary manifesto, published under the auspices of men, a few of whom still claim to be believers in the counsels of Judge Douglas, and then to read his final warning words to his countrymen.

The refusal to give the slightest support or sanction to the war, or to denounce, even in modulated emphasis, the rebellion, is irresistable proof of the ends sought for by the authors and signers of this "Democratic" Address. At no period of human civilization do we find a parallel to the present struggle for free institutions on the American continent. The principles at stake are immutable and immortal. The only structure of Democratic government on earth, and the last—the most precious charter that ever God bestowed upon man—will stand or fall as the war for the American Union triumphs or fails. Foreign nations are watching the progress of this war with breathless interest. It has almost wholly superseded every other topic. Their Parliaments, their writers, their men of science, their Kings, and their peoples, observe, debate, and theorize upon it. The English statesmen and pamphleteers can find no text so fruitful as the American War. The French Emperor discusses it in private and in public. The Russian Czar sends over to our Government words of admiration and cheer.—The Italian heroes regard its issue as more decisive of human freedom than any event that has ever taken place in the Old World. In the United States, the war is the only question which vitally and constantly concerns the people. It concerns them in every pulsation and fiber of society, business, kindred, and home. Their nearest relative and friends are in the army. There is hardly a family in the loyal States that is not represented among the defenders of the Republic. Thousands are in mourning for their sons, brothers, fathers, and friends. The subjects ever presented with them are the war, its duties, its sufferings, and its results' The pulpit rings with patriotic discourses on the war. The newspapers are crowded with it. In every quarter, in every neighborhood, in every social circle, it is the one single absorbing thought and theme.

Surrounded by such a condition of things at home, and admonished by the exultations and anticipations of our foreign foes, and the hopes and prayers of our foreign friends, "the Democratic members of Congress" *refuse the coldest syllable of comfort to their bleeding country.* They see her grappling with the banded murderers of Liberty, and fold their arms in sneering indifference. They hear her blood-bought victories over the fiends of Secession without a throb of emotion. The Union dead and wounded who have fallen in twenty great conflicts, including Democrats from all the loyal States, arouse no sensibility in their callous bosoms. On the other hand, the whole tone of their appeal is to encourage the assassins of our country in the rebel ranks. *Their deliberate contempt for the just and righteous side of this mighty controversy is, in fact, the most eloquent argument that has yet been made in favor of treason.*

What would have been the proper judgment against a party that refused to declare its patriotism in the Revolution? The Democracy have always claimed to be the war organization; and in the second conflict with England, and the last with Mexico, they had no indignation too severe to visit upon those who were cold or hostile.—Now, in the far greater crisis than the first, or than either of these, or than all combined, "the Democratic members of Congress" propose to recognize the Democratic party on the basis of opposition to an Administration which is doing its whole duty to the Republic in her direst agony, and on the theory of withholding their counsel or assistance from those who are fighting our battles.

The scheme of recognising a party under certain leaders becomes more odious in view of the infamy which attaches to the bad men who have had it in charge for the last few years.—These men are still in the ascendant in its counsels. As they were the agents of the traitors before the rebellion, so do they sympathize with these traitors now that they are in arms. Indeed, "the Democratic members of Congress" anticipate the return, if not of the traitors themselves, to Congress, at least of those who will do as they did when they held seats in our legislative halls.

The Democratic party found its grave under the infamous Administration of James Buchanan. It was assassinated by the tyrants who framed and defended Lecompton and the English bill—who proscribed every honest man that refused to sanction these frauds—who murdered Broderick and defeated Douglas, and who, up to the very last hour, used the confidence of a generous people to strengthen, stimulate, and organize the Secession Conspiracy. The attempt to resurrect it may be successful; but this can never be when those who undertake the task summon the people to its standard by a deliberate insult to the Union men engaged in this great war, and by an equally deliberate expression of sympathy for the enemies of the Government.

OCCASIONAL.

☞ We apprehend that all current attempts to regalvanize the late Democratic party into existence as a distinct organization, will signally fail. There can be but one object held in view by the several individuals who have taken the job in charge, and that object is to embarrass the Administration. Whether it be the "simon pure" Breckinridger, under the lead of Mr. Buchanan, or the mischief-making sort, under the auspices of Vallandigham & Co., the object aimed at is one, and the end of each will just as certainly be one—defeat. Neither conservatism, as such, nor radicalism, as such, is destined to extricate the country from its perilous situation. But the party which embodies the strong common-sense of the country is bound to control the destinies of the Republic henceforth. No soured and vindictive heretofore partisan can construct a successful party organization in these times. Such men have private grudges to wreak, and will not be permitted to wreak them at the expense of the country. Their legitimate field of operation is the barrooms and corner groceries, whose frequenters are commonly actuated by like motives in the performance of public duty.

We do not here refer to honest differences of opinion, which are always sacred and to be respected; but to the grovelling spirit of faction which moves certain members of all organized parties in some degree. Earnest and true men will not stop just now to split hairs, or settle mooted questions of political economy. The men who propose to deal with such wise distinctions, and who cannot conceal the evidences of a soured and embittered spirit, are just fitted to the work of disorganization.—In no other way can they so signally testify their hatred of order and progress. They have a constant regard for the constitutional rights of men who have repudiated the Constitution; but who has ever heard them devote one hundred words consecutively to the condemnation of the high-handed treason which has filled the land with tears and blood?—*Philadelphia Press.*

☞ A military hospital is the last place in the world to which a man would go in search of laughable incidents; nevertheless the Sanitary Commission in their round met with a few worthy of record. In one tent they found an Irish member of a Louisiana regiment who had been wounded in the leg, not very seriously, in the engagement on Sunday. Near to him lay the captain of his company—a wealthy young man from New Orleans—suffering from a dangerous wound in the breast.

"What's the matter of this man?" said a member of the Commission pointing to the Captain. The Irishman, without waiting for the Surgeon to reply, turned over in his bed, and after a "ugh," expressive of his own pain, said, "Oh! may the devil take him and sind him where he ought to be this long time. Sure if it wasn't for him and the likes of him I wouldn't be here, so I wouldn't." The Captain gave an agonizing groan, whereupon Pat again put in: "Oh! its aisy for ye to groan now. Ye'r got more'n ye bargained for, and may the devil get ye afore night. Ye towld me ye'd pay me fifteen dollars a month, an' niver a cint I get at all from ye. There's me poor wife an children starvin,' an' me here laid up for God knows how long. I'm as good as ye, I know any way." The truth was, the Irishman had been drafted to fill up the captain's company.

☞ To be a man of sensibility is to be doomed to walk barefoot, with corns on your toes, in the midst of a mob.

[From Thompson's Reporter.]

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.—The Demand Treasury notes which are dated August 10, 1861, are not fundable into stock, but "are receivable for all public dues." This fact appears on the margin of the note.

The demand Treasury notes which are dated March 10, 1862, are not receivable for Custom House dues, but are fundable into a twenty year 6 per cent. stock; but the stock is redeemable at the pleasure of the Government any time after five years. This fact appears on the back of the note.

The 7 3-10 Treasury Note Bonds are fundable at the pleasure of the holder, at any time up to the day they mature, into an absolute twenty year 6 per cent. stock; or if the holder elect, he can take the money at maturity.

The absolute twenty year stock is called United States sixes of 1881.

The stock into which the demand notes dated March 10, 1862, is fundable, is named by Mr. Secretary Chase the United States 5-20 sixes. The meaning is, that they have five years to run, and they may run for some indefinite time not exceeding twenty years.

The demand Treasury notes dated Aug. 10, 1861, will continue to bear a premium, being the only money, except gold, that is usable at the Custom-house; and next fall or winter the premium on them will be about equal to the premium on gold, whatever that may be.

From these data it is easy for any person to make up their mind what the various classes of Federal securities are worth, when paid for in legal-tender Treasury note currency; or in bank currency, which is convertible into nothing but legal tender currency.

We will elucidate, by saying that the legal tender money is par. The "5-20 sixes" being obtainable at par with the legal tender currency, cannot rise but a brokerage above par and accrued interest added.

Then the question is, how much is an absolute twenty-year 6 per cent. stock worth more than a 6 per cent. stock that may be called in at any time after five years?

The 7 3-10 Treasury note bonds will earn during the two and a half years they have to run 3 per cent. more interest than the 6 per cent. stock. They are, then, worth that 3 per cent. more than the sixes of 1881; and the privilege of taking the money or an absolute twenty-year stock, is certainly worth something in addition.

CURIOSITIES.—There is a farmer in Putnam county, N. Y., who has a mile and a half of children. His name is Furlong, and he has eight boys and four girls. Eight Furlongs one mile.

There is a gentleman in St. Louis, Mo., who has two bushels and a half of children. His name is Peck, and he has ten boys and girls. Four Pecks one bushel.—*Exchange.*

There is a lady in Boston who was husband to her husband before they were married, and who has given him three husbands since marriage. Her name was Husband, which was unchanged by marriage.—*Exchange.*

There is a lady in Ohio who presented her husband with 12-dozen children at one birth. Her name is Gross.—*O. S. Journal.*

☞ The negroes seem to have a better instinctive perception of the real spirit and drift of the times than many white men. The Louisville Democrat reports a happy old darkey as exclaiming: "Bress de Lord, hallelujer, dat dis ole nigger should lib to see dis 'ere happy time, when white men must hab a pass to move about, and nigger go where him pleases widout one.—Bress de Lord." The old fellow hit the case exactly.

A TOTAL ECLIPSE.—The "Confederate Almanac," for 1862, published by Rev. Dr. Sumners, at the Southern Methodist Publishing House, announces an "eclipse of the sun visible over the Confederate States!" To this the Nashville *Union* adds, that about the same time "there will be a total eclipse of the Confederate States, visible over all creation.

ARTILLERY AND RAIN.—Experience shows, says an exchange, that the discharge of heavy artillery is usually followed by rain. The battles of the French armies were succeeded by copious rains that rendered small streams impassable, and at the battle of Solferino, a storm of such fierceness arose that the conflict was suspended. The same result attended the battles of our present war. After General McClellan's four different battles there were heavy rains on the following days respectively and General Beauregard in his recent report of Bull Run, says that he was prevented from following up his victory by heavy rains of the following days. At fort Donelson the bombardment of Friday was followed by a rain on Saturday.

☞ Two acquaintances meeting on a wet day, one greeted the other:

'Beautiful rain, this—fetching everything out of the ground.'

To which the other replied:

'Hope not, sir, hope not—got two wives there, sir!'